

Halo: Sword and Shield

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Summary: Taking place between 2549 and 2552 Our current Halo games are based in 2552, this document chronicles Project ARGOS, a discreet super soldier project akin to the Spartan programs, but with much, much higher risks...

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Halo

Sword and Shield

-Section 1-

/Awakening/

/September 25, 2549, 0000 Hours, aboard Haylcon-class UNSC Calinden, Slipspace/ Exact position unknown No Existing Records/

Jackson awoke slowly, the heavy sedatives introduced in his system beginning to give way to consciousness after hours of circulation. Medical machines with functions unknown to him beeped next to his bed. Every beep felt like a hammer blow to his sensitive ears. Slowly, he became aware of his surroundings. A room, utterly white, save for the figure clad entirely in black in the corner. Jackson started, and attempted to sit up, but found himself unable to move for the moment, the sedatives effects still reverberating within him. The figure stood.

"Easy son. Them drugs tend to be quite nasty. Wouldn't want you hurting yourself though," it said. He said. The man sounded old, tired, perhaps in his mid-sixties. The voice reminded Jackson of his grandfather. His familyâ€|

Though his lips were cracked and his throat agonizingly dry, he croaked, "Whereâ€|am I?"

"Slipspace, son. Welcome to the UNSC Calinden. Tell me, you know who I am?", the man asked. Despite his grogginess, Jackson scrutinized the man the best he could. Tanned, scarred, leathery face, and a toned build. The man had the word military written all over him. Aside from the obscenely thick glasses he wore, the man seem like he could blend into any crowd. Just another anonymous face. Except, those scars. One ran the length of the right side of his face. A blotch of scar tissue, perhaps a burn, extended from his right eye to ear. The left side of his face seemed relatively unmarred, save a few small scars on his forehead. But his face was also lined with age, and signs of a heavy responsibility placed on him. The man no longer reminded Jackson of his grandfather. The light around Jackson began to dim, and everything blurred and refocused sporadically. He fell back onto his pillow, though he couldn't remember raising his head in the first place.

"I said easy boy. I'll assume you don't know me. Can't say I'm surprised, I'd be a bit shocked if you did know anyhow. I am Vice Admiral McKinley. And I'm going to make you a hero." The world went black.

/September 25, 2549, 0750 Hours, UNSC Calinden, Exiting Slipstream Space in Milky Way System/

The next time Jackson awoke, he wasn't groggy. He was in pain. He turned, bleary eyed, to see several needles being removed from his arm, and then watched and felt another enter him. The needle drew what seemed like an obscene amount of blood from his 6 year old body, and then removed itself once again. The pinpoints of blood were wiped away with a swab with a single swift motion by skillful hands. He looked up to see a nurse place the vial filled with his blood into a machine, which whirred and beeped for several seconds before a green light blinked on.

The nurse turned to the door, and at the same time the man known as McKinley walked in. He whispered something to the nurse, who responded in turn before saluting and hurriedly exiting the room. McKinley watched the door close behind him before turning to Jackson.

"So boy, how are we feeling?" Jackson didn't know how 'we' felt, but he sure felt like hell. His arm was numb now, but his insides ached. His stomach craved food, his throat was parched for moisture, and he felt as though he had been struck in the back of the head with a blunt object. A heavy one. Hard.

McKinley scared him though, so Jackson decided it would be best to keep him happy. "I'mâ€¦I don't know. Hungry. And thirsty", Jackson answered honestly. He felt he would die without sustenance immediately.

"Of course, you've been unconscious for quite a while now. Here." McKinley motioned to a tray of food and water on a nearby nightstand. "Enjoy. Never liked hospital food myself, but perhaps it'll suit your palette more. Then again, I reckon right now you'd wolf down just about anything."

So he would. Ravenously, Jackson began to devour the food, a simple MRE, and take long gulps of the water, spilling some down his front in the process. He hardly tasted any of it. All he cared about was

eating until the cramps went away. Finally, with his tray empty, Jackson looked at McKinley, satisfied. McKinley smiled at him.

"Hm, guess I was right. Are you coherent enough to walk?" he asked.

In response, Jackson gingerly swung his legs over the side of the bed, and stood shakily. He took a few steps to test his balance, then nodded.

"Good, good. I've got something to show you, son. And I think you'll like it."

End
file.